

MELLS COUNTY TELEGRAPH.

A Weekly Journal Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets and General Intelligence

50 per Annum

"ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY."

\$1.50 in Advance.

BY A. THOMSON.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1855.

VOL. 7—NO. 17

OFFICE OF THE TELEGRAPH

SEVEN DOORS BELOW COURT—ST. PAUL.

Notice of Advertising.

One square (12 lines or less) three weeks, \$1.00
Every subsequent insertion, 1/3 of above
One square, three months, \$2.00
One square, six months, \$3.00
One square, one year, \$4.00
One half column, one year, \$5.00
Three-fourths of a column, one year, \$6.00
One column, one year, \$7.00
Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until ordered to be discontinued.
Special advertisements must pay in advance.
Job Printing, of every description, executed with accuracy and neatness.

CABINET FURNITURE.

A. GATHREL, Cabinet-maker and Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, Front st., Pomero, O. dec21st.

COPPERSMITHING.

S. L. THURSH, Copper-smith, below Pomero, Salt Furnace, Pomero, O. All kinds of Copper work for Salt Furnaces, Steamboats, etc., executed to order. dec21st.

BLACKSMITHING.

E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, Mulberry st., opposite the Court-house, Pomero, O. Job Work of all kinds, horse-shoeing, etc., executed with neatness and dispatch. Jan 30.

ROBBER STIVERS, Blacksmith, Mulberry st., opposite the Court-house, Pomero, O. Job Work of all kinds, horse-shoeing, etc., executed with neatness and dispatch. Jan 30.

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

J. M. JAMES, Painter and Glazier, west side Court street, fourth door above Front, Pomero, O.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS MAKERS.

S. CROFOOT, Saddle and Harness Maker, Court street, front street, five doors below Court, Pomero, O.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WHITESIDES, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Court street, one door above the corner of Front. The best work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

STOVE, TINWARE, &c.

J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and Dealer in every variety of Stoves, etc., opposite the Court-house, Pomero.

PLANING MACHINES, &c.

DAVIS & MORTON, on Sugar Run, Pomero, have their Planing Machine in good order, and constant operation. Flooring, weatherboarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders. Work warranted to give satisfaction.

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

GEORGE HOSSICK, Baker and Confectioner, Front street, a few doors above Court, and one door below Hotel, Pomero, O. feb

WAGON MAKING.

H. P. CROSBIE, wagon-makers, Mulberry street, Pomero, O., over F. E. Humphrey's shop. Having had long experience in the business, they are enabled to execute, in a neat and substantial manner, all orders for wagons, buggies, carriages, &c., on short notice, and at reasonable terms.

FANNERS & CURRIERS.

J. MILES, Tanner and Currier, Butternut street, on Sugar Run, Pomero, O.

MANUFACTURERS.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY. Office in Cooper's Building, Coalport, O. Salt for Country trade at retail, Twenty Cents per bushel. April 17.

GEO. P. SMITH & CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 54 Wood St. Pittsburgh.

ARE NOW RECEIVING AND WILL KEEP UP DURING THE SEASON A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT FOR THE SPRING SALES.

To which they invite the attention of the trade.

April 3

From the Western Christian Advocate.

Letter from Dr. Thomson.

NO. XXII.

ENGLISH CHARACTER—GROWTH AND STABILITY.

Business life is hedged about with forms which may not be transgressed. This is, perhaps, one reason why the English are so slow—why they are not swift either in hand, eye, or foot. A Persian said to me, "You Americans are the rapid nation. You do everything in a hurry; you eat dinner all at once; you say nothing at all; and it is not because you have so much to do, for you eat after dinner and see you smoking or whistling; you smash up an express train, and get out another engine and whistle on; you blow up a steamboat, and getting on another you proceed as if nothing had happened; you make politicians in a hurry. When I was in the United States I asked Governor May, if he talked French? He says, 'Don't you bother me with your French; you are the great nation, you must learn our language.' You send Mr. Walsh for Consul; good man—speaks French—but is dull of hearing. You send Mr. Mason for ambassador; great man, but he can't speak French. Thus, you send a consul who can't hear, and an ambassador who is dumb. I traveled by side one night with a Greek; toward morning, finding that he understood a little English, I entered into conversation with him. 'America,' says he, 'great country—republic—go fast—many papers—locomotive paper now on the wheels of government.' 'No, no; locomotive you mean?' and then explained how the Democratic party became so termed. He laughed and said, 'O, I thought you locomotive, because he go ahead so fast.' But the compliment can't be bestowed upon the English. If they are at one extreme, we are at the other. They eat slowly; even the middle class spend hours over the dinner table; it sitting down at three you rise before six, they think you hurry from your wine.

At New York on my way to Europe, I handed a list of books to a bookseller, that he might affix his price on, which he did in about two hours. I put the same list in the hands of London booksellers, and could get no one of them to do the same in less than a week. They must be sure they are right before they move; if you are in a hurry, so much the more they are they seem to fear that they will be cheated—that you have some information concerning the market, which they have not. If they ever get in a hurry they do any thing, but they do not hurry before they do any thing.

The war in the east affords a fit illustration of the national tardiness. How cautiously did Napoleon act about and about in the Baltic for the year's suspended inference! How slowly did Lord Raglan advance! How coolly did he stand in the trenches before some of the strongest fortresses, waiting and waiting for reinforcements. The Earl of Derby said with much reason in Parliament, that the week, "Too late," might be written on all the actions of

were too late in declaring war, too late in sending their fleet to the Black Sea, too late in making their preparations. He might have added, too late in sailing from Varna, too late in sending reinforcements, too late in the siege. An American army in Lord Raglan's parallel would, I verily believe, have blown up Sevastopol, or blown themselves up, before day was over.

The British are full of this idea. They do not well adapt themselves to new circumstances. Each man divides himself in his particular calling for life, all at length his mind is fixed, and he is not to be moved.

With the happy slowness of genius, he leaped to the conclusion that there was a small planetary body hidden somewhere who was ever juggling and jarring the larger fellow at such a rate; and writing to all the astronomers of Europe, he bid them keep a sharp lookout for the disturber, and advised them of the particular part of the zodiac to which they should aim their lenses. But the English and German astronomers were already looking in that particular direction, guided by that diffused consciousness or what was coming which seemed to attend all human discoveries and inventions; and Galia was the first to arrest the star, which was forthwith brought into the family in the midst of general acclamation.

And this theory of perturbations Leverrier has been directing against the sun himself. It has been long suspected that the great central luminary obeys the law by which he governs his planetary children, and is moved by them. Leverrier has shown that, whatever may be the cause or causes, the father of our system, the mightiest orb we know, obeys a law of the Cosmos which is still more mighty than he. It is not improbable that his planets draw him as he draws them, and that he and they move over the tremendous field of space in a short halt; the little ones drawing him into a small circular movement, and he, swinging them round each other with jined hands. Again, it may be some other commanding orb, some other sun who is juggling his royal brother. The black abyss of space is sown with systems which no doubt, react upon one another, and pay a vast united allegiance to some incomprehensible center, some superior orb round which all other suns and systems regulate their motions and tremble in their mutual perturbations.

The idea of this enormous machinery of creation makes the little earth of ours shrink a good deal. We cut rather a shabby figure in the midst of those extents and sublimities of the material universe. Our globe, Mars, Venus, and the rest look very like "small potatoes." Nay, our great chief, the sun of our system, himself suffers a loss of dignity.—Louisville Journal.

Pennywise and his Paper.

Every farmer ought to take a newspaper of some kind; of course a foreign one is better than none at all. But we feel particularly safe in asserting that any country paper, however poor—the poorest, most insignificant, shabbiest, smallest—is worth to the farmer, in hard dollars, ten times more than the largest, fullest, and best foreign paper, even when it is filled with carefully selected matter, not previously used—which is not often the case.

Publishers of country papers ought not to undertake to compete in price with the power-presses and five times used matter of mammoth conglomerate city weeklies. His vain and foolish. No country paper can be afforded at less than two dollars a year, and the citizen ought not to ask it. But the people's attention ought to be turned to the reason for its necessity. The very reasons for its necessity show its value. And its value ought to demonstrate its support.

"But not!" I can get a huge, ungainly, vast paper from Cincinnati for a dollar, a paper I want subscribe. "I am taking a Cincinnati paper. Such are the usual answers. You can get a paper for a dollar, Mr. Pennywise! Farming man! Wise country editor, who talks of 'postage to pay,' and thus makes it appear that his paper, after all, is almost as cheap as the 'Cincinnati Memorial Farm Reporter,' which Pennywise was for a dollar and thirteen cents, all told!

Well, Pennywise takes a city paper, and tells the country editor he may "stop." Probably too, he depends upon the community of which the editor is a portion, for his subsistence—but no matter for that. Perhaps he sells his produce "in town." The first week he loses fifty dollars by not knowing the price of barley. The next week he loses a bargain of a hundred dollars in a piece of land advertised. The next week he misses a valuable agricultural item, selected for the very township in which he lives, and loses twenty dollars. He was very anxious always to hear Mr. Thomas Traveler, lecture. He thinks it would be ten dollars worth of good at least—for he is an intelligent man, and would like to tell his children years hence that he heard the famous man lecture "in the spring of '55." Some enterprising man, induced Mr. Traveler to visit Mr. Pennywise's county town, and they duly advertised it in the county paper. Next week Mr. P. comes trotting into town as complacently as if he had never been "pounded about" by everybody is talking about "the lecture last night." "Whom?" asks Pennywise. "Oh, the famous Mr. Traveler was here last night." "Audience?" "Great. Never forgot it as long as I live." "Pshaw! why I never dream of coming here. I wish I had known of it! Why wasn't it advertised?"

Thus, the fourth week, the fifth Miss Jerusha Jewell's marriage is published, and old Mrs. Bilkin's death. Mrs. Pennywise heard of it at a neighbor's and is asked, "Why law!—don't your husband take the paper?"

The next week Mr. P. intends to look sharp. He will borrow a paper. He travels a quarter of a mile through a muddy lane after it, and spends three hours, 30 cents. The same next week, 60 cents. The same next week, 90 cents. The next forty-four

last time, \$14.40. But this he considers better than his first five weeks experience, in which he lost \$180. He is doing bravely, and his neighbor Smith says, when he turns his back with the paper in his hand, "If I were as rich as Pennywise, I think I'd take a paper, and not sponge on my neighbors." And Mrs. Smith, washing the dishes, remarks, "Pennywise seems to be getting to be a dreadful mean man." And pretty soon the community all around will talk of Pennywise as a penniless fellow. Now let us square the accounts.

Lost reputation \$600.00
City paper 1 y 37
Total \$214.40
37
Balance against Pennywise 214.03

A Chinese Funeral.

The Chinese who were killed by the late steamboat explosion in California, were buried with their national ceremonies, which are thus described by a Sacramento paper:

During the progress of the service as above, the Chinese were engaged in yielding the last tribute of respect to their deceased countrymen in another part of the ground.

The ceremonies practiced on the decease of a person in China, vary in different parts of the country, though they are not necessarily elaborate or expensive anywhere, and all the important ones can be performed by the poorest. The inhabitants of one part of the empire put a piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person and carefully cover his nose and ears. Scarcely is he dead, when they make a hole to facilitate the exit of the spirit proceeding from his body; of which they imagine each person has seven arterial essences, which die with him, and three souls, one of which enters elysium and receives judgment; another blazes with the tablet, which is set by the side of the body by the priest, and the third dwells with the tomb. Yesterday while the services were going on in English, the Chinese, not far off, were performing the last sad offices over fifteen corpses of their countrymen. At every grave incense sticks were smoking and red candles were burning, while the friends of the departed came one by one to the foot of the grave and placing their hands together bowed their bodies forward several times.

In a certain place among the graves a large quantity of edibles were laid out and arranged in order—a whole roast hog, piles of cake, a large plate of cooked rice, sweetmeats, pickles and wine. In front of those viands stood a Chinese attired in the habiliments of a native priest, beating time with two steel plates, and in measured tones chanting prayers for the repose of the dead. Just opposite the person thus officiating could be observed a small straw stool, to the end of which was a paper steamer, on which was written in large Chinese characters, as it is in this funeral procession. With prayers for the dead, the officiating individual uttered simple quotations from Chinese religious books. Many came to the graves and threw into them gilt paper and cards. At several places could be observed piles of paper cut into small squares, with a square gilt spot in the center of each sheet. All these were set on fire, the survivors supposing that the smoke transmits them into heaven, and that they there turn into celestial money and go into the hands of the departed; and by them are used to bear their expenses in the other world. During all these funeral services, there was a national band of Chinese music, which played their national airs according to their home usages.

It was a rare sight, and at once flattering to the liberality of our institutions, to see there assembled on a common ground the Christian and the Pagan, each acknowledging the sacred character of the departed and manifesting, according to their peculiar tenets, respect for their memory and worth. This unusual circumstance, together with the large number of new made graves and coffin bolts lying in the immense crowd of persons in attendance, contributed to render the occasion one of sad and singular interest.

The New Flying Machine.

We find the following statement in the Pacific:

"The Academy of Sciences is a good deal interested by the invention of a flying machine by Don Diego Salasmanca. With this machine Don Diego's daughter, Rosaura, rose in the air some time ago at Madrid, to the great astonishment of the Spaniards, who were little accustomed to this sort of miracle. Don Diego de Salasmanca and his wife are about to arrive at Paris to show the effects of this marvelous invention. The machine is very simple; it consists in a case two feet long, and one foot wide, adapted to a band round the waist buckled behind. The iron rods fastened to the case support a piece of wood, on which the feet repose. The case contains a simple and ingenious mechanism, similar to that of an automaton in motion. The mechanism is worked by means of a handle. It is in the form of two large rings ten feet long, made of very thin cambric, covered with feathers; and the wings may be so worked as to produce vertical, perpendicular, or horizontal flying. The number of turns given to the handle determines the height to which it is desired to go. The handle has to be turned every quarter of a league to regulate the descent, the operation of turning takes a minute. Horizontal flying is the most difficult; the wings beat the air like the oars of a boat, or rather as the feet of a swimmer when it swims. By means of this curious machine, a man can go almost as rapid as a cart-horse; from the Hotel de Ville to the Arc de Triomphe d'Escole, in eight minutes, and a half an hour to Versailles. The experiments will be on a small scale, and the flights of Don Diego will not extend beyond the distance of the Sines but at a later period he will make a long voyage."

the log of railways. He pretends that he can travel quicker than by rail. The price of each machine will not exceed 1,000 for man, and 1,000 for woman. If the experiment succeeds, Don Diego will take out a patent, and will make the sale of the machine's branch of commerce. Although greatly astonished at this new invention, several members of the academy have put into the inconvenience of bringing it into general use. In point of fact, there will be no security for any one if by the aid of such machine all our wages and customs be overthrown, and if all labor can fly

from us as fast as the wind, the country will be a very curious one to see. Police-men in France and England pursuing thieves in the air, in order to lock them up on earth. It appears that 1855 promises all sorts of marvels.

The Gulf Stream.

It is believed by many that the waters of the Gulf Stream are nothing more or less than the waters of the Amazon. This feature of waters is bedded more than 1,000 miles immediately under the equator, and all its tributary streams for many thousand miles, are constantly pouring their hot water into this mighty reservoir of water. As these waters are gathered under the burning sun of the equator, they are extremely warm; far more so than the waters of the Atlantic under the equator. The great body of heated water shoots out into the Atlantic more than a hundred miles, in the face of the external trade winds.

The Amazon is sixty miles wide; after being bedded in its irresistible course, it curves off to the left, and takes its course around the great bay formed between the two continents of North and South America, and passing to the leeward of the West India Islands, it leaves the shore of Cuba and proceeds along the shores of Florida, the shores of Virginia, and the south coast of North America, and passing along the shores of Newfoundland, ends its mission among the icebergs which float out of the northern ocean. Cut off the Gulf Stream, and it would not be many years before the northern Atlantic would be filled with icebergs, and the port of New York would cease to be the centre of American commerce. Before the course of the Gulf Stream was known, ships from Europe to New York in winter, used to sail first to Charleston, S. C., then coast it down to the Hudson. The voyage used to occupy from six to eight months. The Nantucket Fishermen were the first to discover the course of the Gulf Stream, and while English captains were taking six months to reach New York, they used to make the run sometimes in one month. Vessels running north of this stream in winter get their sails and rigging frozen so that it is scarcely possible to make any headway. By running into the stream they thaw out, for the water is always warm, and is known by this; and its intense blue. It is provided as a reservoir of heat by the Great Governor of Worlds, to accomplish his grand purposes. It is the influence of this Stream which renders the climate of Britain so genial. Were it diverted to break upon the coast of Spain only, the island of Britain would soon become a bleak, cold, and inhospitable region, with a climate as cold and a winter as long as Labrador, and Erin would cease to be the Emerald Isle, for her fields would be covered with snow during eight months of the year, instead of green herbage. It appears from geological evidence, that the Gulf Stream at one period, did not break upon the shores of Britain, and it was then as cold as Iceland. Upon such harmonies of nature's operations, directed by an All-wise Creator, do men and nations depend.—Scientific American.

Flague of an Eastern Summer.

An eastern summer is full of wonders; but there is, perhaps, nothing about it more awfully appalling than those vast flights of locusts which sometimes destroy the vegetation of whole kingdoms in a few days, and where they found a garden leave a wilderness. I am riding along a pleasant hill side, toward the end of May. There is a sharp, pausing noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, falling on hard ground. I look anxiously toward the earth, knowing that it cannot be a shower this clear bright morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects no bigger than a pin's head.

They are hopping and springing about in myriads, under my horse's feet, along a hard sandy road, which is quite black with them, and far among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles, and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with those little insects, and the same sharp, pausing noise continues. They are the young of the locusts who left their eggs in the ground last year. They have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen. A little later, I am passing through a Greek village. The locusts have spread, and the local authorities have besetted themselves to resist their enemies while still weak. Large fires are burning by the river-side, and immense cauldrons full of boiling water are steaming over them. The whole country side has been out locust hunting. They have just returned with their day's exertions. Twenty-three thousand pounds weight of those little insects, each, as I have said no bigger than a pin's head have been brought in already in one day. They have been caught within a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them. Children in the yards can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom are all that is necessary. Place the open sack on the ground, and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village community pay about a farthing a pound for locusts. Some of the hunters have earned two or three shillings a day. As the sacks are brought in they are thrust into cauldrons of boiling water, and boiled each for some twenty minutes. They are then emptied into the rapid river, swollen by the

Pascetti, the historian. The country is now covered with the charming, histories of Mr. Wm. H. Prescott, may be glad to hear a word of the historian himself. He appears daily in our streets, and may be often seen taking long walks for the preservation of his health. He is now at his winter's residence, on Haight street, where he spends about nine months in the year. The other three months he has generally spent at Nahant or Tappan, both of which places he has country seats now owned by the parents of an author, Mr. Prescott is as accurate in his studies as any person

fortunate as to lose one of his eyes while in Harvard College. By this loss, the other eye became weakened, through overwork, so that, practically, he has written his immortal histories with the blind write, or with an apparatus such as they use.

And yet he has scarcely the appearance of any difficulty of sight, and recognizes his friends in the street with that single faithful eye. Indeed, the observer might regard his eyes as fine as one could desire. Mr. Prescott, when engaged in writing, writes rapidly, averaging about seven of the printed pages of his volumes daily.

His secretary copies his manuscript in a good plain hand for the printer. He is now diligently composing a history of Philip II. His private library is a very valuable one particularly in the department of all history that can throw any light upon the subject of his present and past investigations. His library contains nearly 1,000 volumes. It is a picture of a room, that the proprietor had constructed for his special use, as he did his study, some distance above it, towards the heavens, where his beautiful compositions are produced.

That Mr. Prescott, with his physical embarrassments, has accomplished so much towards forming an American standard literature, is quite a marvel. Another wonder is, that though he has been confined to his books and his study for forty years, as closely as his mind to his color, he has nothing of the scholastic manner, but the ease and polish of a gentleman wholly in society.—Boston Cor. of the Journal of Commerce.

The Empire of Brazil.

The Rev. James C. Fletcher, a missionary to Brazil, speaks of that empire as follows:

"It is certainly a remarkable fact that we should know more of China and India than of the empire of Brazil, which in its constitution, its free press, its peacefulness, and its national prosperity, more nearly resembles our own government than any other upon the globe. For more than 30 years this decentralized government (a Constitutional Imperialism) advanced without a bloody revolution, while the red hot volcanic republics of Spanish America, have not suffered one popular eruption to cool before another was belched upon it." From other sources of information it appears that Brazil is a great producing country, and annually supplies us with about \$14,000,000 of her productions, consisting of coffee, sugar, dyewoods raw hides, gum, and Indian rubber. In return, she receives from us \$14,846,807 worth of articles, the growth and production of the United States. The single article of flour constitutes more than one half of our exports to that country. In regard to our manufactures the exports are very small, though in manufactures, Brazil probably exhibits less enterprise and produces less than in any other country of industry. Great Britain and France have the supply of articles of manufacture, the United States being shut out more by its own neglect than from any other cause, its trade not having been directed into that channel. From all the above it would seem that our merchants would do well to turn more of their attention to the commerce with Brazil.—N. Y. Courier.

A Singular Phenomenon.

We have never seen in print a notice of the following strange fact, although every steamboat man acquainted with Great River navigation can verify its truth. Just above the locks, when the river is in a certain stage, very low, for several miles steamboats shut down their furnace doors and allow no torches to be lighted, for fear of what the deck hands call "setting the river on fire!" Frequently boats using torches or keeping their furnace doors open at this particular place, have found themselves engulfed in blue flames, greatly to the alarm of the passengers; and in several instances setting the steamers on fire. In some instances the passengers have only been prevented by the strenuous exertions of the officers from leaping overboard in their alarm. The cause of the singular phenomenon is simply this:

The bottom of the river becomes covered with forest leaves and rubbish to the depth of some inches, probably several feet. Boats in low water run through this bed of vegetable matter, their wheels stirring it up thoroughly. The inflammable gas is thus permitted to escape, on communication with a flame, at once takes fire, and burns with a blue blaze. As such time the boat is stopped and the flames cease. When out, the boat goes on again, taking the precaution mentioned above. Unless allowed to continue some little time, this burning gas is not so communicable its flame to the wood—but it is quite sufficient to seriously alarm those not acquainted with its cause.—Examiner Journal.

The Brevoort House.

The Brevoort House, a sort of princely Hotel Boarding House on the 6th Avenue in New York, has failed. The charges were 27 dollars per week. The furniture last season cost \$100,000, and at the recent sale brought \$27,000. It is not a matter of surprise or regret that such extravagant houses fail.

During the quarter ending on the 31st day of April, there arrived at New Orleans from foreign countries, 7,775 emigrants, of whom 4,174 were males, and 3,601 females; 3,581 came from Germany, 173 from the British Isles, 1,000 from France, 1,000 from Ireland, 1,000 from the United States, and 1,000 from other countries.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Representative in Congress (11th District), Hon. T. B. Hoar, of Maine county.

State Senator, Hon. J. W. Allen, of Lawrence county.

Representative, Hon. C. C. Bates, of Racine county.

County and County Officers.

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—Hon. William Wain, of Racine county.

Judge of Probate Court—A. Mearns.

Chief of Common Pleas Court—Romer Dow.

County Auditor—H. H. Wain.

County Treasurer—John H. Wain.

County Recorder—A. R. Wain.

County Coroner—D. P. Wain.

County Commissioners—David R. Jacobs, Salisbury, Miss Quisenberry, Orange, Tice, Satis, Satter.

County Common School Examiners—Rev. R. W. Wain, George S. Shaw, A. A. Kizer.

County Officers—All others.

Trustees—H. H. Wain, Isaac Train, Elijah Jones.

Clint—Homer Branch.

Treasurer—H. C. Waterman.

Justices of the Peace—S. S. Paine, A. M. Barlow, Elijah Jones.

Constables—Randall Silvers, Oren Jones, John Humphrey.

Assessor—Aaron Stevens.

County Officers—All others.

Mayor—Aaron Maxfield.

Recorder—S. H. Wain.

Trustees—O. Branch, H. S. Horton, T. A. Paine, N. R. Nye, J. C. Probst.

Treasurer—S. S. Paine.

Marshal—L. D. Skeels.

County Officers—All others.

Pomero, Geo. Lee.

Middleport—D. Pangborn.

Racine—P. M. Petrel.

Letartville—Geo. L. Piper.

Chester—Wm. Mitchell.

County Officers—All others.

CHURCHES.

Presbyterian—Rev. R. Wilkinson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, 10 o'clock. Every Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock, at the new Brick School house, 104 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. S. C. Frampton, Pastor. Services at Wesley Chapel, Pomero, and Heath Chapel, Sheffield, on alternate Sabbaths at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 7 P. M.—and at the lower Church, at 7 o'clock, P. M., every Sabbath.

Protestant Episcopal—No services at present. New Jerusalem—No services.

German Methodist—Rev. J. Pfelzing, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.

German Lutheran—Rev. P. Heid, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning.

German Evangelical Presbyterian (on Linn street)—Rev. L. Thies, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.

German Presbyterian (on Plum street)—Rev. Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.

Homan Catholics—Rev. John Albrinck, Priest. Services every Sabbath morning.

Wesley Baptist—Rev. J. L. Ward, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 6 P. M.

Wesley Presbyterian (New School)—Rev. John H. Jones, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10 o'clock, A. M., and 6 P. M.

Wesley Presbyterian (Old School)—John T. Williams, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock A. M., and 6 P. M.

SOCIETIES.

Major—Pomero Lodge, No. 164. Stated Meetings, the Monday evening, or on the fall moon in each month. Hall in Edwards' building, front at M. Bosworth, W. F. Wilson, Secy.

E. O. O. F.—Nami Lodge, No. 117. Meets every Friday evening. Hall in Edwards' building. Spaulding Cutler, N. G.; Robert McKain, Secy.

Minister Lodge, No. 342. Meets every Tuesday evening, at Stevens' building, corner of Front and Court streets, at 8 o'clock. N. G.; Wm. L. Downie, N. G.; Washington Silvers, Secy.

Sons of Temperance—Welfare Division, No. 96. Meets every Saturday evening. Hall in Stevens' building. Geo. Ducky, W. P.; Wm. L. Downie, R. S.

Sabbath Division, No. 292. Meets on Sabbath day evenings. Hall in